

Sam had to get out of the restaurant for a smoke. Over a minute went by before he realized that he had been sucking air through an unlit cig like a complete asswipe – nothing unusual.

Sam had recently lost his Dad.

The funeral was in two days, and not just any funeral – a real turn-it-out Moscow celebrity do. The date was set, invitations sent, a plot was bought, actor hired, everything was ready, well... everything but the deceased.

Sam had literally lost his father – to be precise, he had lost the urn with his Father's ashes which had been flown half way around the world to help Sam secure his inheritance. All he had to do was deliver on every one of the burial requirements.

Sam thought about Freud's essays on the unconscious. What if this is how it's supposed to be, he thought to himself, maybe he lost it on purpose, to finally get even with his father, who started the whole mess. You see, Sam's Dad, Mark, had put the family in a difficult position. Sam, who lived for being at the reigns of important family matters, was up to his neck when the will was read. Having three lovers, an ever increasing inability to deal with practical matters, a massive ego and an extreme case of cynicism as well as a business, if you can call it that, consisting of collecting and redistributing bribes, Sam only lacked one thing - a will which stipulated the following: his father was to be cremated in Baltimore but buried in Moscow in a specific plot in a specific and expensive graveyard. But his troubles did not end there – the date had to be approved by an astrologist and worst of all, he had to convince one of Russia's greatest actors to recite a poem Mark had written and dedicated to his children. To put it simply: his father made sure that his death would be harder on Sam than his life.

Mark also made sure that his lawyer and old friend would oversee that all his demands were fulfilled by Sam and not his sister. With great emotion, she had